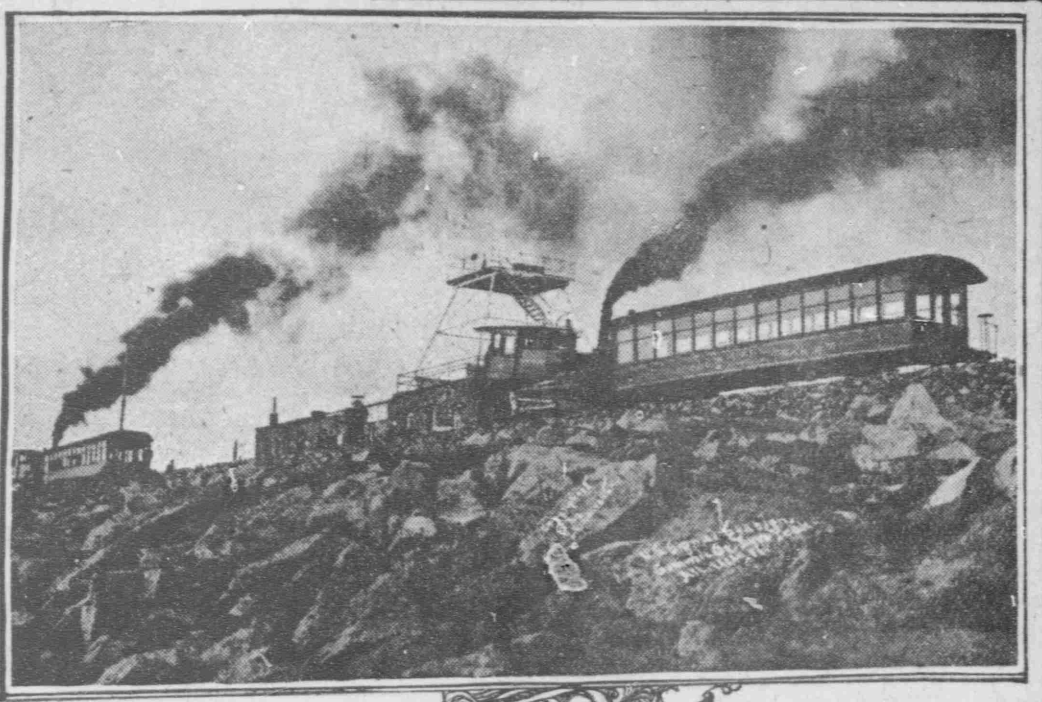


A LIGHTHOUSE 1,000 miles from the Sea

At Very Summit
of Pike's Peak
Is Searchlight.



ON THE RAILROAD,
Which Climbs Up to the Peak.

EASTERNERS are accustomed to lighthouses and searchlights on the coast and at sea, but a monster fiery eye, sweeping the vast Western plains of Colorado, and projecting light twenty-five miles, is unique.

The Cog road leading to the summit of Pike's Peak has just installed on the very summit a 175,000-candlepower revolving searchlight. From this mountain one commands, during the daytime, a view embracing 60,000 square miles, and the light at night may be seen from any point in this vast area.

This peak has been well termed "The Monument of the Continent." No term could be more fitting. Serene and bold it stood, a noble monument throughout the myriad years that spanned the cycles of antiquity. Still grand and vigilant, its snow-crowned

World of Riches.

Enormous riches crowd the depths of Pike's Peak, and lurk about its base; the hum of industry is wafted on its breeze, and a modern railway circles its sides as it coils to the very summit, where is located, perhaps, the highest searchlight in the world.

Discovery by Pike.

Authentic lore of this monument of the continent dates from November 15, 1806, when Maj. Zebulon M. Pike,

that long ago. The great white mountain watched it all and locked the secret in its mighty breast.

a gallant soldier and daring adventurer, then leading a small exploring party of United States soldiers, sighted the mountain's whitened crest when many miles distant upon the plains. It cost him ten days' marching to reach its base, and, after vigorous attempts to scale it, Pike abandoned the project with the declaration that "No

human being could ascend to its pinnacle." That was long ago. There have been many wonders since.

Beginning then, Pike's Peak saw busier times. The region passed through varying vicissitudes, and now an empire lies within the mountain's shade. Enormous riches crowd its depths and lurk about its base; the



THE LIGHTHOUSE OF THE PLAINS.

Fiery Eye of
Giant Light
Sweeps Colo-
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14,000 Feet High.

The Peak rears its face to the clouds, over 14,000 feet above sea level. At the very crown of the mountain is a bronze tablet, 7 by 5 feet. It reads:

"In recognition of the notable career of Zebulon Montgomery Pike, soldier-explorer, the people of Colorado have placed this tablet on the summit of the great mountain first seen by Pike, November 15, 1806. General Pike was born at Lambert, now Trenton, N. J., January 5, 1779; died April 27, 1818, after a victorious attack on York, later Toronto, Canada; buried at Madison Barracks, New York. This tablet commemorates the 100th anniversary of Pike's Southwestern expedition."

If Pike but knew what one hundred years would bring forth.

What He Did Not Do Made Him Famous

CLARA MORRIS has written many interesting things about the "New York stage, and not the least interesting of these is her story of how, on her return from London in the very early seventies, she described to her manager, Augustin Daly, a new actor who had at that moment taken a strong hold on the English public through his performance of a well-worn part in an old-time melodrama.

"It was what he did not do—what he left to the imagination," and then she described in detail his first entrance, telling how he came into the warm tent, chilled to the bone, and sat down to remove his legions.

"He drew a great colored handkerchief and brushed away some clinging snow; then leaning forward, with slightly tremulous fingers he began to unfasten a top button. Suddenly the trembling ceased, the fingers clenched hard upon the buckle, the whole body became still, then rigid—it seemed not to breathe! The one sign of life in the man was the agonizingly strained sense of hearing! His tortured eyes saw nothing. Utterly without speech, without feeling, he listened—breathlessly listened! A cold chill crept stealthily about the roots of my hair. I clenched my hands hard and whispered to myself: 'Will it come, good God—will it come, the thing he listens for?'"

"Then, with a wild bound, as if every nerve and muscle had been rent by an electric shock, he was upon his feet; and I was answered even before that suffocating cry of terror—'The bells! The bells!'—and under cover of the applause that followed I said: 'Haunted! Innocent or guilty, this man is haunted!'"

And the actor who gained his first great success by his mastery of listening proved strong enough to live down the many mannerisms and eccentricities of speech and gesture that furnished food for talk to the light-minded and to become in time the one dominant figure on the English-speaking stage and to gather about the name of Henry Irving a halo of public respect and honor that made his knighthood look cheap and common in comparison.—"From 'Listening on the Stage," by James L. Ford, in the Scribner Magazine.

24,000 GUESTS AT TABLE AT ABERDEEN DINNER

The 1900 Club banquet to the Colonial Ministers at the Albert Hall, with its 1,600 guests, is certainly of imposing scale, but it is scarcely, as stated by a contemporary, the "second largest on record," the premier place being awarded to Lord Strathcona's Aberdeen dinner, at which the guests numbered 2,400, says the Westminster Gazette.

Some years ago the late Lady Butehouse at Highgate, King Edward being among her guests. A little later his royal highness (as he then was) was one of 3,000 guests who sat down to a dinner in London; 2,500 were present at the banquet in honor of the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, in Waverley Market, Edinburgh, some time ago.

But even such gargantuan feasts cannot compare with the banquet, 1889, at the Palais de l'Industrie, Paris, which was enjoyed by 13,000 mayors of French towns, in addition to 2,000 other diners; nor with the feast, Sir Watkin W. Wynnstay Park to 12,000 neighbors, a banquet at which 90 hogheads and 1,440 bottles of ale were consumed.

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THE SECRET OF THE BELOVED WIFE AND HOW TWO KEPT IT

By KNUT ERIKSEN.

"HER condition is very dangerous," the physician had said. "It is absolutely necessary to get a reliable nurse. If my orders are not followed in every detail, I will not be responsible for anything."

A reliable nurse! The young owner of the Lion Inn was in despair. His poor, young wife! His beautiful beloved wife! How happy had they not both been looking forward to the birth of their first child.

A reliable nurse! She who, first of all, should have been sitting at the sick bed, did not think of doing so, not for one moment. She did not even offer to relieve him of some of his duties, that he might spend a little while at the bedside of his wife.

When women hate! For more than thirty-five years the mother had worked herself almost to death, trying to scrape together a fortune for her son. Never had a mother thought less of herself, and never had there been a more loving son until he met Annemarie and made her his wife.

He had never seen anyone as beautiful as Annemarie. She had first come into the house to help waiting on the guests, at the inn, on special occasions, and it had been a case of love at first sight with him.

He had hoped that the charming, and loving, and graceful creature would, in time, overcome the jealousy of his mother, who hated her from the first moment she saw her, as much as her son loved her. All efforts to make her forgive and forget had been wasted. She admitted herself that her only thought was to get revenge over her who had deprived her of the first place in her son's heart.

The door opened, and the old woman sneaked into the room.

"Where are you Bert? You do not seem to care whether business goes off to the dogs or not. The wagon has just come back from the market."

"I am going," he said, "to go like a beggar from house to house to find a woman who has husband and child herself, and who is willing to nurse Annemarie."

The mother shrank back as if struck by a whip.

"I will do it," she whispered. He looked at her, and smiled contemptibly.

"I will do it for your sake, my own boy."

But he did not listen, and left the room without another word.

At this moment the old woman realized what she had done. Realized that she had made her own son hate her as she had hated his wife, and a strong resolution to try to win back his love came to her.

She went over to the bed, and looked at the young wife, who was delicious with fever, and who kept mumbling words at first unintelligible, but after a while clear and plain. Terrible words they were, a confession of her only sin, of her regret and despair.

When she had finished she was wet with perspiration, her eyes closed, and she fell asleep, and beside her sat her fate, the hard-hearted old woman like a stone image, stern and unmovable.

A terrible struggle was going on in the soul of the mother. Here was justification of her hatred. Until now she could not reproach Annemarie, could not accuse her of anything but of being poor. And now her life's inmost secret was in her hand. If she

should now go to her son and say to him: "I have heard it from her own lips that her child is not your child—you have taken her in from the street, have made her the wealthiest wife in the whole country, have allowed her to drive your own mother out of your heart!"

It was a terrible temptation, an unlooked-for opportunity to triumph over this woman who had crossed her path and stolen Bert's heart.

"Life is worth nothing to me without her," he had said. She herself had seen how Annemarie was everything to him, how the love of her, the great passionate love, was the only feeling in the soul, and she knew what a love like that means to a human heart.

It was her own blood which had spoken from her lips—and life is of no value to me without her. In the same way, life was worth nothing to the mother without the love of her son. Her heart would break if she would not win back what she had lost.

The old woman stood up, and there was a changed expression in her face and a smile around her thin lips. She had conquered herself, and she felt happy and contented already. She wiped the beads of perspiration from the forehead of the patient and lifted up the beautiful pale head and arranged the pillows under it. Then she folded her hands, and her lips whispered a secret promise. "Your secret is my secret. I will help you to bring up your child as if it were my own, and I will do this to make him happy whom I have loved since he saw the light of day; I will help you to learn to love him as he loves you."

THE SHAFT OF LIGHT, As It Looks at Night.

landmark, but its name stood for all the vast country whose border it guarded—not only the known region, but that greater stretch of awesome mountain mystery. And now, the swifter and more luxurious traveler, in his journeying toward the setting sun, hails it first as he speeds across the plain, and—be it ever so familiar—gazes eagerly and with quickened pulses as the lessening distance ex-

pands its majesty and beauty to his view. Now at night the hoary old head of the historic peak is crowned with a flashing jewel of light.

Pike's Peak is history—a strange and hushed romance. Oblivion veils its mystic past. No crumbling parchments hint its thrilling tales. Yet it is older, so scientists relate, than regions that are thus gazetted. Men lived and wrought and vanished in

and gave to the tolling pathfinders the first glad signal that there were hints to the dreary waste of plain. For the pioneers that followed, it served not only as a monumental

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